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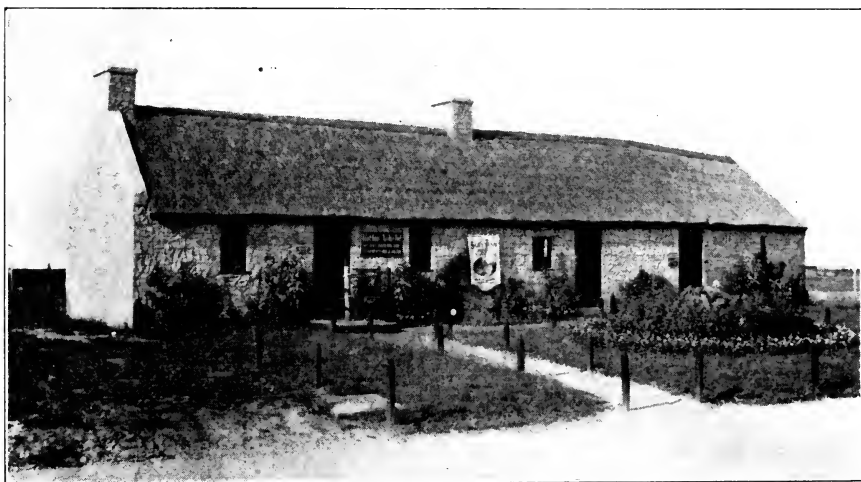


ROBERT BURNS.

LOUISIANA
PURCHASE
EXPOSITION

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

HISTORICAL SKETCH AND CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITS
OF THE
BURNS COTTAGE ASSOCIATION



LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION
SAINT LOUIS, 1904

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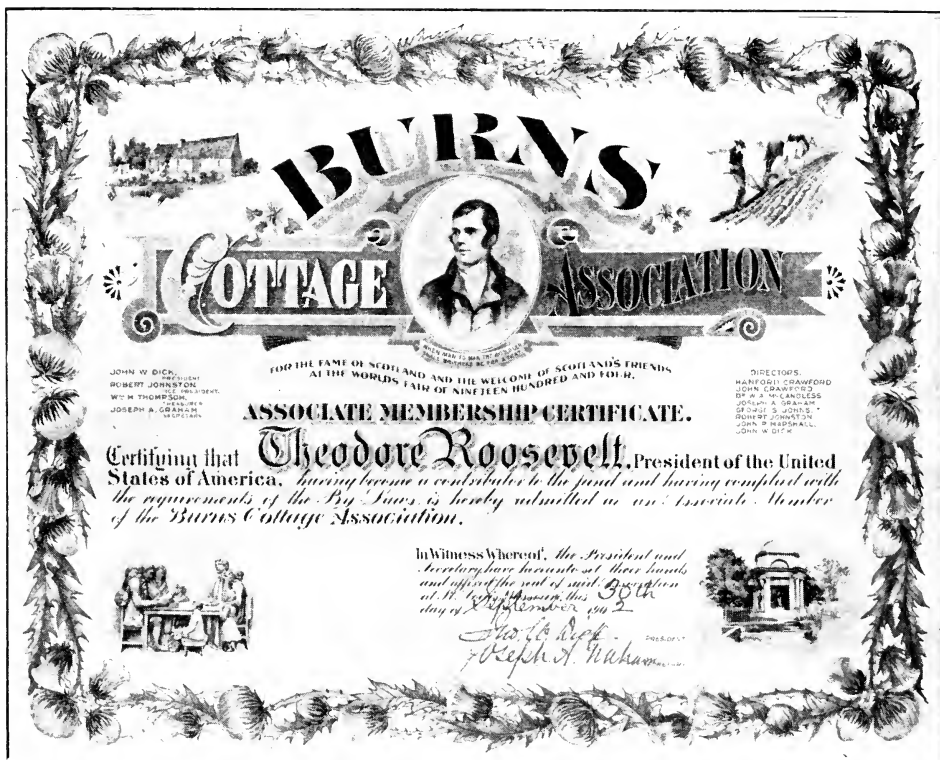
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... Cut this out ...



And send with one dollar to
Burns Cottage Association,
City, and secure Certificate of
Associate Membership, entitling
you to all privileges of Cottage

History of the Association

The Burns Cottage at the World's Fair stands not only as a monument to Scottish literature and character, but as an evidence of unselfish pride among living Scots and Scottish-Americans. It was erected entirely with voluntary contributions made by men of Scottish blood and other lovers of Burns. During the history of the movement which led to its construction, men of all occupations, some of them of international distinction, have cheerfully given their time and labor to the enterprise.

The first suggestion was made by Mr. David Robertson, in 1899. In 1901, Mr. John W. Dick presented the matter before the Caledonian Society of St. Louis. The Society welcomed the idea, but it was discovered that the charter and rules of that body would not permit it to engage in the undertaking. Mr. Dick therefore called a special meeting of persons interested as individuals. A charter was secured and the first regular meeting to effect a permanent organization was held at the Mercantile Club, May 1, 1902. At this meeting the following officers were elected:

President, John W. Dick; Vice-President, Robert Johnston; Treasurer, William H. Thompson; Secretary, Joseph A. Graham; Directors, Hanford Crawford, John Crawford, John W. Dick, Joseph A. Graham, George S. Johns, Robert Johnston, Dr. W. A. McCandless and John P. Marshall. Professor James Main Dixon was elected Curator. Mr. Dixon removed to the Pacific coast and retired from this position before the construction of the Cottage began.

At first it was hoped that a large annex or reception hall could be made a part of the undertaking. Further consideration, however, made this feature appear inexpedient, and it was decided that the work should be confined to an exact reproduction of the Burns Cottage at Ayr. Mr. John M. Dunham kindly consented to serve as architect, and, like the other active members of the Association, gave, without compensation, his time and labor to carry out with fidelity the plans and specifications which had been obtained directly from the original Cottage. It is here proper to say that the objects of the Association could hardly have been carried out without the generous co-operation of Mr. William Robertson of Ayrshire, who devoted himself to collecting information and gathering relics for the Cottage. It should also be said that President Francis, Secretary Stevens and other officers of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company have shown from the first an active interest in the objects of the Association and have done everything in their power to promote its endeavors.

Ground was broken April 2, 1904. After some delays the Cottage was formally opened with exercises and a general reception June 24. Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid of London, who was a guest of the Exposition Company, postponed his departure several days in order to take part in the exercises. It

was of peculiar interest to men of Scottish blood that the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn fell on June 24. Thus added a deeper meaning to the opening of the Cottage.

Monday, August 15, the birthday anniversary of Sir Walter Scott, was designated by the Exposition Company as Scottish Day at the World's Fair. This occasion was one of impressive interest. Major W. A. R. S. Stewart, late of the Third King's Own Hussars, was in command of the parade. The column was made picturesque and inspiring by the presence of a band of pipers, a company of Highlanders and one of Lancers from the Boer War Encampment. At 11:45 the ceremony of unfurling the Scottish flag before the Cottage took place. This flag had been presented by Col. Charles M. Watson, British Royal Commissioner to the Exposition. It is believed that this is the first time the ancient standard of the Scottish kings has ever been formally raised within the boundaries of the United States. Miss Gertrude L. Dick held the halyards and unfurled the flag. Hon. D. R. Francis delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the Exposition Company. Mr. John W. Dick, President of the Burns Cottage Association, responded.

At the Hall of Congresses, Joseph A. Graham presided. Hon. Frederick W. Lehmann made a brilliant and sympathetic address on Burns. Mr. William M. Porteous sang in Highland costume "Scotland Yet," and other Scottish songs. Mrs. Maye McCamish Hedrick read an original poem by Willis Leonard Clanahan.

In the evening at the Missouri Building, George S. Johns presiding, Rev. Dr. W. R. Notman delivered the chief address and captured the audience with a genuine Scottish mixture of humor and dignified seriousness.

This in brief covers the salient points in the history of the Burns Cottage at the World's Fair. The present officers of the association are the same as those originally elected, except that Dr. W. W. Boyd has taken the place of Dr. W. A. McCandless, and Mr. Dugald Crawford that of John P. Marshall on the Board of Directors. The attention of visitors is invited to the remarkable series of original relics and copies with which the Cottage is enriched.

The kitchen, or "but," was the principal living room of the family; the second room, the "ben," being opened only on state occasions; the third room is the "byre," and the fourth is the barn.

Among the objects of interest to be found in the kitchen are the iron girdle on which the poet's cakes were baked; the quaint "dresser," or side-board, as we should call it, with dishes over a century and a half old; the bed in the corner, with its quaint furnishings, and the old clock, which ticks away, keeping as good account of the hours now as it did in the days when Robert Burns lived, loved and suffered.

In the "ben" we find several excellent portraits of the poet, and some interesting old engravings of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," by Faed, as well as a portrait of "Souter Johnny" and "Highland Mary." Here, too, is the little chair, the favorite seat of the poet as a child, and two other old chairs brought from the Cottage in Ayr, an old spinning-wheel and reel which belonged to the Armour family, "Souter Johnny's" cobbling stool, and many

other relics of interest to admirers of the great poet, and especially to persons of Scottish birth or descent.

In the "byre" our attention is directed to the stalls for cattle, and we think how strange it must have been to have the stable and the living rooms all under one roof. We find here also an old barn-door from Lochlea, used in the poet's time, and "Bonnie Jean's" milking-stool. Mrs. Tam O'Shanter's chair, "in which she sat and nursed her wrath" is also to be found in this room; while in the cases are many valuable articles of Burns' time.

A most noteworthy relic is the original sign-board of the "Tam O'Shanter Inn," hanging on the north wall in the fourth room, which represents the barn. Of scarcely less interest is the original manuscript of the tribute paid to Burns by Robert G. Ingersoll, which is also to be found here.

Visitors to the Exposition passing by the quaint little cottage pause to read the announcement that "Robert Burns was born under this roof," and entering, they leave behind them the wonders of the twentieth century and are transported to the time and place where the Scottish bard sang his immortal songs. And it often happens that the visitors, on seeing some relic that perhaps specially appeals to them, will recite whole poems with evident delight; and many say, when leaving, "This is the most fascinating spot in all the Fair."

Catalogue

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., Bellarina, Ayr, Scotland.

1. Cupboard with drawers. For sale.
2. Girdle. For sale.

An iron plate used in Scottish cottages for baking cakes over the fire. It is of Burns' time.

3. Toaster of Burns' time. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. John Scott, Tam O'Shanter Inn, Ayr.

- 4 and 5. Engravings of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." For sale.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

- 6 and 7. Candlesticks of Burns' time. For sale.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq., Edinburgh.

8. Portrait of Nance Tannock, "Poosie Nancie." For sale.

A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of guid auld 'Scotch drink.'—R. B.

Loaned by Mrs. Logan, Poosie Nancie's Hostlery, Mauchline.

9. Old engraving of the "Jolly Beggars." Not for sale.

Ae night at e'en, a merry core,
O', randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nancy's held the splore
To drink their orra duddies.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

10. Eight-day clock, one hundred and thirty years old. For sale.
11. Dresser, or sideboard, of Burns' time.
 - 11a Five bowls.
 - 11b Twelve plates.
 - 11c, 11d, 11e. Three ashets, or platters. All for sale.
12. Chair.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

13. Chair which was used in the Burns family for years. For sale

14. **Fac Simile** of the bed in which the poet was born.

The furnishings of the bed were made by Messrs. Scruggs, Vander-voort & Barney, of St. Louis. The counterpane is a very quaint one, a reproduction of the kind used in the time of the poet. The furnishings of the bed are for sale.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

15. Chair often used by the poet. For sale.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq., Edinburgh.

16. Copy of unpublished verse. For sale.

17. Letter written by Burns to Lord Glencairn. For sale.

(The only specimen of the poet's handwriting on exhibition.)

But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.

Loaned by Robert Johnston, Esq., St. Louis.

18. Photograph of the kitchen in the original Burns Cottage.

Presented by Judge Wilson, of Webster Groves, Mo.

19. Thistle grown from seed received from Scotland.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

20. Table used in the home of an old family that the poet used to visit.
For sale.

Loaned by Mr. Jos. A. Graham, St. Louis.

21. Matrix of "Grace Before Dinner," by Burns.

Loaned by Mr. Barclay, Mayor of Barrie, Vermont.

22. Three photographs of the monument to the poet at Barrie, Vermont

Loaned by the Denver Caledonian Society.

23. Photograph of the Burns Monument, Denver.

Presented by Mr. Jas. S. Montgomery, Galveston, Tex.

24. Photo of the Burns Mausoleum, Dumfries, Scotland.

Loaned by Mr. Jos. A. Graham.

25. Matrix of Longfellow's Poem on Burns.

Loaned by Mr. James Hyslop, of Ayr.

26. Impression of the poet's seal in wax, with letterpress signed by M. Burns Thomas, grandniece of the poet; also rosewood frame. For sale.

Loaned by Thos. L. Clark, Esq., of Louisville.

27. Photograph of Thomas L. Clark, owner of the famous old fiddle, to the music of which Robert Burns and his charming partner, "Phillis the Fair," often danced.

Loaned by Mr. J. W. Dick.

28. Photograph of Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid (who dedicated the Cottage) and daughter.

Presented by J. T. Milliken, Esq., St. Louis.

29. Photograph of Burns and Highland Mary.

30. Engraving of the poet from the Naysmith painting. For sale.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq., Edinburgh.

31. Etching of the poet's funeral entering St. Michael's churchyard. For sale.

32. Portrait of Burns, by R. Fulton Ludlow, grandson of Robert Fulton, painted especially for the Burns Cottage. For sale. ●

33. Water color painting of Burns Cottage, by M. Baxter Robertson, of Ayr. For sale.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq., Edinburgh.

34. Portrait of "Daddy Auld." For sale.

Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld
There's a tod in the fauld.
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;
Tho' ye can do little skaith,
Ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye can bark.

Loaned by Mr. James Hill, of Ayr, Scotland.

- 35 to 42, inclusive. Eight steel engravings, illustrative of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," by Faed. For sale.

35. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
36. Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.
37. The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
38. But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben.
39. His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.
40. If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.
41. At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddling, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

42. The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible. ance his father's pride;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

43. Chair.

44. Small round table.

45. Chair.

**Loaned by Mr. Robert Garry, Minnishant,
near Maybole.**

46 and 46a. "Souter Johnnie's" cobbling stool and awls. For sale.

Loaned by William Robertson, Esq.

47. Chair which was used in the Burns family for years. For sale.

48 and 49. Old spinning wheel and reel of Burns' time. For sale.

50. Bust of the poet (with pedestal) which was exhibited with the statues of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnnie" through America many years ago. For sale.

Presented by Peter Kinnear, Esq.

51. Photograph of the Burns Monument at Albany.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

52. Portrait of "Souter Johnnie." For sale.

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither.

53. Portrait of "Highland Mary." For sale.

The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Loaned by Mrs. John W. Dick, St. Louis.

54 and 55. Candlesticks. From Ayr. Burns period.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

56. Carved oak medallion of the poet. For sale.

57. Oil painting of the poet, by Mr. Alexander Sutherland MacKay, loaned by his brother, ex-Provost MacKay, of Kilmarnock.

Loaned by Mr. James Hyslop, of Ayr.

58. Souvenirs of the poet and scenes connected with him, in rosewood frame. For sale.
59. Photograph of the poet's two sons in rosewood frame, with holograph letter on the back. For sale.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

60. Large oil painting of Burns. For sale.

Loaned by Messrs. Muirhead, Moffat & Co., Glasgow.

61. Chair from the original Burns Cottage.

Presented by William Struthers, Esq., of New York City.

62. Original Burns chair, and favorite seat of the poet as a child.

Loaned by I. M. Ferguson, Esq., of Ayr.

63. Chair from Burns Cottage.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

64. Oil painting of Burns, by Alexander Naysmith. For sale.

Loaned by Miss Agnes Johnstone, Dumfries.

65. Photograph of the poet's two sons, which was bought at Jean Armour's sale at Dumfries. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. J. C. Strauss, St. Louis.

66. Painting: Burns and his home, by Paul Harney. For sale.

67. Photograph of letter and verses (framed) to Mr. John Kennedy, an early patron of Burns.

Loaned by the St. Louis Public Library.

68. Etching, Meeting of Burns and Scott.

Loaned by Colonel Dunlop, Governor of the Original Burns Cottage Board.

69. Engraving of Burns at the plough. For sale.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need not start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

70. Old armchair, once the property of Mrs. Tam O'Shanter. For sale

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Loaned by Mr. William Scoular, of Ayr.

71. Barn door from Lochlea, used in the poet's time. For sale.

Loaned by William Robertson, Esq.

72. "Bonnie Jean's" milking stool. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. R. MacKenzie Fisher, of Ayr.

73. Table made from the wood of St. Michael's church, Dumfries. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. Hutchinson, Schoolmaster, late of Kirkoswald.

74. Hammer of the bell that strak the "wee short hour." For sale.

But just as he began to tell
The "Auld Kirk" hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayent the twal
which raised us baith
I took the way that pleased mysel'
and sae did Death.

Loaned by Mr. James Hyslop, of Ayr.

75. Proof engraving of the poet, after Naysmith, in rosewood frame.
For sale.

Loaned by Mr. John Scott, Tam O'Shanter Inn, Ayr.

76. Table from the Tam O'Shanter Inn.

77. Water color painting of "Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk," by T. Marjoribank Hay, R. S. W., Edinburgh. For sale.

Loaned by Hon. Wallace Bruce, Brooklyn, N. Y.

78. Photograph of Colonel Burns, son of the poet.
79. Photograph of Mrs. Beggs, sister of the poet.

80. Weaver's pluck pin from the rafters of Mossgiel, residence of the poet from Whit Sunday, 1784, till 28th November, 1786.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

81. W. Nicol's punch ladle. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. John Grieg, Tarbolton.

82. Tyler's sword from Lodge St. David's, Tarbolton, where Burns was entered an "Apprentice Mason."

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

83. Old toddy ladle from the "Hen Bane Club," Edinburgh. For sale.
84. Wooden quaich from Nance Tannock's. For sale.
85. Cream skimmer from Ellisland. For sale.
Burns resided at Ellisland from Whit Sunday, 1788, until his removal to Dumfries, in November, 1791.

Loaned by Mr. John Grieg, Tarbolton.

86. Masonic mallet from Lodge Mother Kilwinning.

Loaned by Mr. R. MacKenzie Fisher, of Ayr.

87. Fire irons which belonged to the poet. For sale.

Loaned by William Porteous, Esq., of St. Louis.

88. Plate which belonged to Prince Charlie.

Loaned by Mr. R. MacKenzie Fisher.

- 89 and 89a. Two plates which belonged to the poet. For sale.

Loaned by Mrs. Logan, Poosie Nancie's Hostlery, Mauchline.

90. The "four-gill chap" minus the lid—whether broken in clattering between the poet and Lapraik is not known.
91. Silver watch and chain which belonged to Richmond, clerk to Gavin Hamilton, one of the poet's great cronies. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. James Hill, of Ayr.

92. Gold watch which belonged to Gavin Hamilton. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. James Hyslop, of Ayr.

93. Snuff horn of Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," with inscription. For sale.

Loaned by Mrs. Logan, Poosie Nancie's Hostlery, Mauchline.

94. Quaich, or "stirrup-cup," which belonged to Nance Tannock, and whose initials are cut in the bottom.

Loaned by Mr. Taylor, of Ayr.

95. Mahogany inlaid tray from the Tam O'Shanter Inn, which was exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition. For sale.

Loaned by Mrs. Logan, Poosie Nancie's Hostlery, Mauchline.

96. Pewter basin which belonged to Richmond, clerk to Gavin Hamilton.
97. Pewter tankard or flagon.

Loaned by Miss Agnes Johnstone, of Dumfries.

98. Sugar basin which belonged to Jean Armour, and was bought at her sale in Dumfries. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. James Hyslop, of Ayr.

99. "The Edinburgh Museum of Songs," signed by George Thomson, with marginal notes at pages 15, 22, 33 and 46, by the same gentleman. For sale.
- 100 and 100a. Two medals struck in commemoration of the centenary of the birth and death of the poet. For sale.

Loaned by Mrs. Scott, Landlady of the Tam O'Shanter Inn.

101. "Caup" made from the rafters of the kitchen of the Tam O'Shanter Inn at Ayr. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. James Hill, of Ayr.

102. "Tam O'Shanter's" china, consisting of teapot and stand, cream jug, sugar bottle, four saucers and two cups. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. R. MacKenzie Fisher, of Ayr.

103. One volume of the second Edinburgh edition. For sale.

104. Medallion painting of the poet.

105. Shell snuff box.

106. Small volume of Burns' poems, published in 1824.

Loaned by William Robertson, Esq., of Ayr.

107. Baptismal basin from the "Auld Licht" Kirk, Ayr. For sale.

- 108 and 108a. Two collection plates of the "Auld Licht" Kirk, Ayr. For sale.

Loaned by Mrs. Logan, Poesie Nancie's Hostlery, Mauchline.

- 109 and 109 a, b, c. Four pewter measures.

Loaned by James Porteous, Esq.

110. Jean Armour's jewel box. For sale.

Loaned by Miss Agnes Johnstone, Dumfries.

111. China flower vase which belonged to Jean Armour and was bought at her sale in Dumfries. For sale.

Loaned by William Robertson, Esq.

112. Original sign of the "Tam O'Shanter Inn" at Ayr. For sale.

Loaned by Mr. R. MacKenzie Fisher, of Ayr.

113. Old jug from Dumfries. (Rec'd broken.)

Loaned by Mrs. Ballantine, of Chicago.

114. Horn spoon from the town of Ayr, Scotland, owned by one family for over a hundred and twenty-five years.

Loaned by Mr. Robert Johnston, St. Louis.

115. Old copy of Burns' poems.

Loaned by Mr. T. B. Ballantyne.

116. Pair of riding boots worn by an Ayrshire yeoman at the last tournament held in Scotland, on the grounds of Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Ayr.

117. Photograph of the poet's sister, Mrs. Beggs.

Loaned by Mr. William Herlitz.

118. Poems by Robert Burns; to which are added Scots Poems, selected from the works of Robert Ferguson. Title page signed by Elizabeth Abercrombie; fly-leaf signed by Zebulon Butler, father of J. C. Butler, Port Gibson, Miss. For sale.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Ayr.

119. "Bonnie Jean's" iron-holder. For sale.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Ayr.

120. One of the two casts taken from the skull of the poet by Mr. Kerr, plaisterer, Dumfries, on the 31st March, 1834. There were only two casts taken from the original.

Loaned by Robert Johnston, Esq., St. Louis.

121. Illustrated works of Robert Burns.

Loaned by Campbell Wallace, Esq., Philadelphia.

122. Toddy divider which belonged to Burns' friend and correspondent, John Rankin.

122. a, b, c, d, e, f. Toddy ladles which belonged to John Rankin, to whom the bard wrote these lines on his deathbed, and which were, after his death, forwarded to Rankin by Mrs. Burns.

"He who of Rankin sang, lies stiff and dead
And a green grassy hillock hides his head:
Alas, alas, an awful change indeed."

- 123. Bible said to have been given by the poet to Ellison Begbie, a pretty lassie whom he courted.
- 124. Glasgow Herald for 1795.
Contains the poet's famous songs never before published.
- 125. Half-gill stoup from Nance Tannock's Inn, Mauchline, about which the poet sang in several of his verses.

Presented by Richard Forrester, Esq., St. Louis.

- 126. Photograph of party of St. Louisans visiting the original Cottage. The picture on the opposite page is of Miss Jean Armour Burns Brown and Mr. William R. Smith. Miss Brown is the great-granddaughter of the poet.
- 126a. Photograph of Melrose Abbey.
- 127. Plaster medallion of the poet.

Presented by Peter Kinnear, Esq.

- 128. Photograph of the Burns monument at Albany.

Loaned by Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll.

- 129. Original manuscript of the Tribute to Burns by Robert G. Ingersoll.
- 130. An exact duplicate of Ingersoll's Tribute to Burns now hanging in the Burns Cottage at Ayr, Scotland.

- 131. Engraving of "Tam O'Shanter."
- 132. Burns National Memorial, Mauchline.

Loaned by Wm. Robertson, Ayr.

- 133. Table which belonged to and was used by Burns while living in Dumfries.

Loaned by Mr. Wm. R. Smith, Washington, D. C.

- 134. Poems by Robert Burns, chiefly in Scottish dialect.
- 135. Land of Burns. 1839.
- 136. Burns' poetical works. 1808.
- 137. Burns' Poems. 1819. Very rare.
- 138. Poems by Robert Burns, chiefly in Scottish dialect. 1786. Very rare.

139. Robert Burns, Rare Print Collection.
140. A winter with Robert Burns. 1864. Rare.
141. Essay on Burns, by Carlyle. 1889. For sale.
142. The religion of Burns' poems.
143. Chronicle of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns. 1859.
144. Life and works of Robert Burns. 1815. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4.
145. Robert Burns' anniversary poem; by Duncan MacGregor Crerar. 1885.
146. Selections from Burns; with illustrations.
147. A manual of religious belief, composed by the poet's father. 1875. Rare.
148. Robert Burns as poet laureate of the Lodge Canongate Kilwinning Number 2.
149. Tam O'Shanter, by Robert Burns. 1868.
150. Illustrated songs of Robert Burns.
151. The Soldier's Return, by Robert Burns.

Loaned by Wm. Evans, St, Louis,

152. Masonic charm from Mother Kilwinning Lodge to which Burns belonged.
153. Photograph interior of Mother Kilwinning Lodge, showing bust of Burns on the altar. •
154. Photograph of receiving line, June 24, 1904, Opening Day, Burns Cottage, Louisiana Purchase Exposition.
155. Photograph of unfurling of flag on Scottish Day, Monday, August 15.
156. Photograph of singing "Auld Lang Syne" on Scottish Day.
157. Photograph of Cottage.

Lines to Robert Burns

The following verses were written June 13th, 1904, half an hour after receiving an invitation to the opening, on June 24th, of the replica of the Ayrshire cottage in which the poet was born, erected at the World's Fair, St. Louis, U. S. A., the writer being Commissioner of China to the Exhibition.

O! kindred soul of humble birth,
Divine, though of the lowly earth,
Forgotten thou art not to-day,
Nor yet neglected—here's thy bay!

Thy cottage-home, hid from the proud,
Nor thought of by the vulgar crowd,
In thine own time has claimed a place
On which the world's eyes now gaze.

Nor changed its homely, rugged lines,
Where closely crept thy tender vines;
But men have changed: nor yet deplore—
Where once they spurned we now adore.

Thy life and work and destiny
Contain a meaning deep for me;—
Though fame be darkened by a fate,
The laurel-wreath comes soon or late.

Thy splendid fame shall ever rise
With undimm'd glory o'er the skies;—
To struggling souls a hope shall yield
On sailing seas and ploughing field.

I am a foreign, unknown bard,
Whose devious course is rough and hard;
But cheered at times by thy sweet song,
I sing away, nor mind the throng.

Like thee, I'll toil with manly hand,
Like thee, by manhood ever stand;
And, guided by thy spirit brave,
Shall wait for verdict at the grave.

CHANG YON TONG.

ROBERT BURNS

Address delivered by Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, on Scottish Day,
Monday, August 15, 1904.

Among the many structures which have been reared upon these grounds to illustrate the achievements, during a hundred years, of a free people in a free land, none has more rightful place than that which so faithfully represents the "auld clay biggin" in which Robert Burns was born. Called untimely from this life ere yet the language in which he wrote was heard here, though he himself had never set foot beyond the borders of his own country, the rich fruitage of his genius is none the less a part of the heritage of our people. Throughout the poetry of Burns breathes the spirit of our institutions, the Declaration of Independence, the Proclamation of Emancipation, and here we have endeavored to realize, as nearly as human effort may, the great truth that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The artificial verse of modern pessimism has given us a description of the "man with the hoe," which Burns would not have accepted as a portrait. When he wrote his "Cotter's Saturday Night," he drew his inspiration not from a foreign canvas, but from his own experience. The cotter he describes was his own father, and of the children who knelt at the ingleside to join in the worship of God, Robert was one. The cotter of Burns' inspiring and uplifting poem toiled as hard as ever did Markham's man with the hoe, but he was not a dull soulless clod; the light of intelligence was in his eye and the fervor of ambition was in his breast. He had been little at school, but he was an educated man. His books were few, but he read and re-read them until he made their learning and wisdom his own. He had strong convictions concerning his position in the order of the universe, and his sense of nearness to God prevented his abasement in the sight of his fellowmen. As his life darkened to its close, the hope that he had for himself he retained for his children, and to the utmost of his ability he strove to fit them for whatever place they might be called to by duty or opportunity.

At five years of age Robert was sent to school at Alloway Mill, and later the father joined with four of his neighbors to hire a teacher for their children. These early years were well employed. Every moment that could be spared from work was spent in study. He read, not only his school books, but Shakespeare, the Spectator, Pope, Ramsay, and above all, a collection of old Scottish songs. "I pored over them," said he, "driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender or

sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is." His mother was learned in the legends and ballads of her country, and she brightened the evenings of her humble home by recounting them to her children.

There was little variety in this life. It was strenuous in its labor and its study, and simple in its recreations. Its burdens were hard to be borne. This showed itself in the early stoop of the poet's shoulders, in his frequent sickness and moods of melancholy. But it was not always dark. He found a charm in the books he pored over so greedily, and a profound pleasure in the companionships which the work and the play of the countryside brought him.

Much has been written concerning his habits during the years of his early manhood, but the testimony of those who had the best opportunities for observation is that he was not a dissipated man. Indeed, his time must in the main have been well spent. His letters and his conversation showed him to be a man of culture, as surely as his poems showed him to be a man of genius. At the age of twenty-seven, when the mode of his life had changed but little, and certainly not for the better, he went from his farm life in Ayrshire to spend a winter in Edinburgh with the highest fashion of that city, and he towered like Saul among his brethren in a company made up of men like Dugald Stewart and Hugh Blair. He was the center of attraction at every hospitable board, not as a spectacle of nine days' wonder, but as a companion of inspiring presence, not alone to set the table in a roar, but as a man learned among scholars and wise among sages. Into the gay assemblies of the city where the Duchess of Gordon held sway, he came as a gentleman, and the Duchess herself had to acknowledge that there was no resisting the charm and fascination of his manner. And yet what acquirements and accomplishments he had, he got from his farm life, and from that he got all the inspiration of his muse. In no spirit of mock humility did he tell the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt that the muse of his country found him at the plough tail. There she found him, and hardly ever seems she to have sought him elsewhere. It is wonderful how little impress his winter in Edinburgh made upon his verse. It may have led him to look a little more to smoothness and polish, but he got from it no inspiration.

The poet, we were told long ago, is born and not made. We look in vain into the birth and circumstances of the world's greatest children for an explanation of their genius. The unlettered Homer was the great bard of Greece. From among the humblest dwellers on the Avon came the master spirit of our drama, who made the passions of princes and the ambitions of kings the sport of his genius. And from a clay cot near the banks of the Doon the world has gotten its sweetest heritage of song.

Before Burns was fifteen years old, his powers displayed themselves. In the labors of the harvest his partner was a beautiful girl a year younger than himself, and she instilled in him, he tells us, "that delicious passion, which in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be first of human joys. . . . Among her love-inspiring qualities she sang sweetly: and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted

giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. . . . Thus with me began love and poetry."

To the gude-wife of Wauchope House he wrote in after years,

"When first among the yellow corn

A man I reckoned was,

An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn

Could rank my rig and lass,

E'en then a wish, I mind its power,

A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast,

That I for poor auld Scotland's sake

Some useful plan or book might make,

Or sing a sang at least."

He wrote for years, but without publishing, and such currency as his poems had they got through the circulation of manuscript copies from hand to hand. His reputation grew throughout the countryside. While most of his verses were in praise of his fair friends, some of them were bitter lampoons and biting satires upon those he conceived to be his enemies, and so, while he was loved by some, he was feared and consequently hated by others. In the religious controversies between the Old Light and the New, he took a free part, and there was more than one to harbor resentment for his *Holy Fair* and *Holy Willie's Prayer*, and bide his time to indulge it.

Nor had they long to wait. Burns was soon involved in difficulties from which he saw no escape save in flight. He determined to quit Scotland and to try his fortune in the West Indies. To acquire the means of doing this, and to leave some remembrance of himself in his native land, he ventured upon a publication of his poems.

In June of 1786, he attended, as he believed, for the last time, the meeting of the Masonic Lodge at Tarbolton, and taking his farewell of them he concluded,

"A last request permit me here,

When yearly ye assemble a'

One round, I ask it with a tear,

To him, the bard, that's far awa'."

Never was parting prayer more richly answered. The children and the children's children of those who met with him at Tarbolton have been gathered to their fathers, and still throughout all Scotland and in far distant places, wherever Scotia's sons and daughters have wandered, men and women yearly gather to pay the richest meed that genius can win,—the tribute of their affections to his memory.

Old Fletcher of Saltown said that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Burns wrote the songs, not only of Scotland, but of every English speaking nation, of countries yet unpeopled when he wrote.

The Kilmarnock edition was published in 1786, when he was twenty-seven years old. The popularity of the book was great and instant, and yet he realized from it the meagre sum of twenty pounds, not much more than enough to pay his expected passage to Jamaica, and less than one-fifth of what would be paid for a single copy of it at the present time. It is not to be wondered at, that with such reward for such work, he was frequently embarrassed and often in despondent mood. He had an aversion to debt amounting to horror, and all his life he was fighting against it. People blamed his want of thrift and his habits of life; it might have served better to extend now and again a helping hand.

The reception with which the little volume met determined him to stay at home, and to publish a second edition of the book. The printer was willing to risk the expense of the printing, but he insisted on being guaranteed the cost of the paper; and for this the meagre profits of the first edition were altogether insufficient.

But now his fame was not confined to Ayrshire, and his ambitious hopes led him to the larger field of the capitol. The friends he made there came to his assistance, and the subscriptions, led by the members of the Caledonian Hunt, gave assurance of success in advance. Five hundred pounds were the rewards of this venture, not secured, however, without great delay and difficulty, his money being doled out to him from time to time, months elapsing before he was able to get a final settlement with his publisher. Two hundred pounds he gave to his brother, who had undertaken the care of their mother, and the remainder he invested in the lease of a farm at Ellisland, the choice of the place being determined rather by the fancy of the poet than by the judgment of the farmer.

His improved circumstances on his return from Edinburgh overcame the objections which the parents of Jean Armour had made to him, and his marriage with her, irregularly contracted long before, was now publicly acknowledged and approved by the kirk.

But the farm was a failure, and the earnings of his literary labors were soon lost upon it, and, much against his will, he accepted a place in the excise at fifty pounds per year.

What he thought of this work we can guess from what he said,

“Searching auld wives barrels
Och on the day!
That clarty barm should stain
 my laurels;
But—what’ll ye say?
These movin’ things ca’d wives and
 weans,
Wad move the very heart o’ stanes.”

But the best sentiment he expressed on the subject was to the mother of Glencairn, “I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession.”

He left Ellisland, where he had tried in vain to combine the business of farmer and exciseman, and came to Dumfries. Of his life in this city there

has been much criticism. He undoubtedly partook sometimes too deeply of the pleasures of the social bowl, but in this he but shared the habits of his time. His companionship was sought by all the free spirits that gathered in the town, for there was none like "rantin', rovin' Robin" to make a night of mirth and merriment. But the reports of his conduct were greatly exaggerated, not alone by his enemies, but by himself. In his periods of melancholy he was much given to self censure. No man ever acknowledged his faults more freely or more publicly, and if he had said less of his failings, less would have been thought of them. And much of the reproach against him was due to his political views and the freedom with which he expressed them. His heart responded to the rising spirit of independence in France, and it was not in his nature to stifle his convictions. To be a revolutionist was to lose favor in the social realm, and Burns was passed unnoticed, because of his principles, by many who had small occasion to scorn him because of his habits.

His dependence upon his salary as exciseman irritated him and deepened his despondency. He longed for a competency that he might be independent; but from the beginning to the end fortune mocked his every thrifty endeavor.

His nature was too sensitive to be indifferent to the treatment he was receiving. A friend met him one day walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the opposite walk was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom seemed willing to recognize the poet. The friend proposed to him to cross, but he answered, "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now," and then quoted a verse from an old ballad,

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new,
But now he let's 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing."

And yet it was during his Dumfries residence that Burns wrote most of his songs. He had been gathering old ballads, altering and adding to them for Johnson's Museum, besides contributing some of his own, when George Thomson entered upon his work of compiling Scottish melodies and having songs written for them by the best writers of the day. He applied to Burns for the help of his genius. Burns answered at once, promising his assistance, and redeemed his promise by contributing some sixty songs, among them the finest efforts of his lyric muse. And, poor as he was, he made it a labor of love. "As to remuneration," he wrote to Thomson, "you may think my songs above price or below price; but they shall be absolutely one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul."

The man who could write songs like "Highland Mary," "Bannockburn," and "A Man's a Man for a' That," and make them, even when broken with disease and oppressed with poverty, a free gift to his country, is entitled to a charity in judgment broad enough to cover more sins than could ever be laid to Burns' charge.

Not until a few days before his death, when he knew that his end was near, and an importunate creditor was threatening him with a process that

would cast him in jail, did he alter his purpose. He then wrote to Thomson for five pounds, for which he says, "I promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius you have seen." With this letter he enclosed the lines of "Fairest Maid on Devon Banks." Thomson sent the money, the creditor was paid, and within a week Burns was dead.

"We pity the plumage, and forget the dying bird " cried Shelly, as the brilliant Sheridan lay deserted upon his deathbed. And so it was with Burns. There was a splendid funeral. All Dumfries marched in procession to his grave, and a great mausoleum was raised above it. And happily better than this, though late it came, his family received the substantial recognition of his labors that was denied to him.

When he passed away in the prime of his early manhood, his country awoke to the fact that he was the greatest of all her children. No man before, and no man since, has done so much to honor her name.

He gave to Scottish literature what until then it wanted, a national quality and character. Men of letters there were before. Hume and Robertson had written their histories, but for aught that appeared in them, they might have come from south of the Tweed. Stewart and Reid belong to schools rather than to a nation. Ramsay and Ferguson were not strong enough to make an impression beyond their own time. Before Burns, the Scottish tongue had not attained to the dignity of literary recognition. He chose it deliberately as the medium of his song, and it mastered him as much as he mastered it. Little of what he has written in pure English rises above the level of mediocrity, and it would not be possible to anglicize his Scottish verse without distinct impairment of its poetic quality.

The theme of his verse, like its garb, was Scotch. It was his country and her people, the country as he saw it, the people as he knew them. The scenes he describes are those with which he was familiar, the men and women his every day acquaintances. He never paraphrased books and he never copied pictures. And beyond the confines of his country he had never traveled. Was he not, then, narrow and provincial? In a sense he was, as all genuine men and women are. Just because he knew Scotland so well and loved her so intensely, was he a poet of the world and of humanity. Love of home is a universal quality. Cosmopolitan people are degenerate. They have lost more in depth than they have gained in breadth. The man who scorns his own people is scorned of all others. The ardent patriot who defends his country in every emergency, and not the captious citizen ever ready to confess her faults, is the type of true manhood, understood and appreciated the world over.

In the poetry of Burns there is no suggestion of the pent atmosphere of the study infected with the smoke of the midnight candle, but it is all fresh with the caller air as it sweeps over heath and moor. His rhymes came to him as he walked the fields and by the streams, and they are the harmonies of nature set to song.

There is a quick movement in all his composition. He never lingers in description. A line will serve, or, at the most, as in his description of the brook in Hallowe'en, a verse.

"Whyles o'er a linn the burnie plays
 As thro' the glen it wimpelt,
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpelt;
 Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin' dancin' dazzle,
 Whiles clookit underneath the braes
 Below the spreading hazel."

In his song of "Westlin Winds" he brings the birds of Scotland before us, each in a line.

"The partridge loves the fruitful fells.
 The plover loves the mountains,
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains;
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet."

The essential qualities of Burns' poems are their truth and humanity. His scenic descriptions are but the framing of some human incident, and he uses bird and beast and flower always to point some moral or adorn some tale of interest to man. He wrote as he felt, and so he wrote sometimes sadly and sometimes bitterly; sadly, for he was often seized with melancholy and bitterly, because he felt often that he was harshly used. But, fortunately for us and for him, his muse sought him most in his brighter moods, and

"We see amid the fields of Ayr
 A ploughman who in foul or fair
 Sings at his task,
 So clear we know not if it is
 The laverock's song we hear or his,
 Nor care to ask."

In the meanest creature and the humblest incident that enters into his life, this ploughman finds a poem,—in the daisy that he upturns, the field mouse, a wounded hare, his aged ewe, his dog, his auld mare, the haggis, and even in the toothache. And a louse upon a lady's bonnet furnishes the occasion of profound moralizing.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see ourselves as ithers see us,
 It wad fra mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion."

In all literature there is no more beautiful picture of humble life than he gives us in the "Cotter's Saturday Night." It has invested the cottage with a charm of interest beyond the romance of the castle. It has lightened the

task of many a weary toiler and kept hope in the heart of the heavy laden, and above all, it has taught that

“To make a happy firewise clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.”

Had Burns lived longer, or had his circumstances in life been different, he might have given us some great epic or dramatic work. He contemplated one but it was never begun. That a great lyric drama was within the reach of his powers, his cantata of “The Jolly Beggars” abundantly proves. But “Tam O'Shanter” was his most ambitious production, and this, for picturesque description, for rapid transitions, and for a wonderful blending of mirth and morality, is not to be surpassed.

The austere critic thinks that Burns deals too lightly with Tam's foibles, and so he thinks of Shakespeare in his dealing with Falstaff. But these great natures were kindly both, and could see the soul of goodness in things evil, and their teaching loses nothing of its force because of its gentleness.

Burns could not even rail at the devil without speaking at least one word of kindly admonition,

“Fare ye weel, auld nickie ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might, I dinna ken,
Still hae a stake
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake.”

The songs of Burns will always be the chief delight of his readers, for they run the whole gamut of human passion and sentiment.

He sings of woman, and of every woman that ever touched his heart or caught his fancy, and then, lest some one might feel slighted, he sang to all the sex in his “Green grow the rushes O!” Criticism of these songs is impossible. They must be read, or, better, they must be sung by some loved voice, and then the heart will feel their power. To no mere trick of verse do they owe their charm. It is the genuineness of their sentiment, the reality of their passion, which holds us in thrall. It has been noted that in “Highland Mary” there is not a single perfect rhyme, and this is true, but who cares for that, it is none the less the sweetest song ever written by man to commemorate a pure and a lost love.

And where is there such a song of that love which never grows old as “John Anderson, My Jo?”

In other fields of lyric verse, he is also the master. What drinking song better than “Willie brewed a peck of maut;” what battle hymn more inspiring than “Bannockburn?” Who has sounded in such trumpet tones the principles of equality as he in “A man's a man for a' that?” And when, among the many millions who speak the English tongue, friends are gathered together, in what song do they pour out their gladness, but “Auld Lang Syne?”

He pictured himself often as a wreck upon life's sea, and envied sometimes those whose "prudent, cautious self control," kept them from the rocks; and yet, of all the merchant argosies that, sailing under summer skies and over summer seas, came safely into the port of their destiny, how many, aye, were there any, bearing in their holds a freight so precious to humanity as the flotsam and the jetsam cast ashore by the wreck of Robert Burns?

But it is not for us to speak of his life as a wreck. Although he died while his manhood was in its early prime, he had realized the inspiring wish of his youth, some useful plan or book to make or sing a song at least. He made the book; he sang the song and the book is read and the song is heard the wide world over.



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